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NOVEMBER 18, 1954

Eisenhower And Truman

Probably neither man would welcome being likened to the other, but it often seems to us that President Eisenhower and former President Truman are remarkably alike, in one particular. Both seem to possess the unhappy knack of shocking people, even their most ardent admirers.

There the similarity ends, though, because they are completely opposite in the way they do it.

Mr. Truman, as President, seemed to go along doing one small, unbecoming thing, day after day and week after week — often things there was no occasion for him to do. Then, just when people's patience was nearing the breaking point, he would galvanize them into admiration by some really superb statement or action — the statement or action of a great man.

Mr. Eisenhower, on the other hand, usually takes an admirably lofty and dignified approach to problems. Then, just when people are beginning to think that here is a really great man, he descends to levels rarely attained by Truman.

The most shocking example of that was his statement, just before the election, that the Republicans would find a way to provide jobs for the unemployed, without spilling "the blood of our sons on the battlefield". The obvious implication was that that was the way the Democrats would solve the problem. Then, apparently to make sure the implication registered, he added that when the Democrats were in power there never was prosperity and peace at the same time.

It is hard to understand how any man holding the great office of President of the United States could bring himself to such hypocrisy and pettiness.

And thousands of persons who admire Mr. Eisenhower, or, at the least, want to give him the benefit of the doubt, shake their heads in wonderment at his urging that the Dixon-Yates matter be speedily approved — and be put into effect before the people of this country are permitted to know the terms of that agreement.

But last week Mr. Eisenhower got back to his usual high level. He did something that neither Truman nor Roosevelt did. They had paid political debts with appointments to the Supreme Court so often that, as of today, only one man on the court had had judicial experience before appointment to the high court. Mr. Eisenhower undoubtedly has political debts to pay; but in naming John Marshall Harlan to succeed Justice Jackson he apparently forgot politics. In any case, in appointing a man to the highest judicial body in the land, he chose one with training and experience in the administration of justice.

Mirror Does Its Work

In Chapel Hill the other day there died a man who probably had had greater influence on the contemporary South than the governor of any state or other public official.

Dr. Howard W. Odum, sociologist, teacher, and author, changed the South by changing the way the people of the South think.

Most people, whether as individuals or as groups, have a lot of illusions about themselves. They think they are thus and so because they once were, or because somebody said they were, or because they would like to be. Often the way they see themselves is a long, long way from the way they are.

Dr. Odum, in his quiet, gentle way, held up before the South facts about the region — like a mirror. And gradually, over the years, Southerners have come to see themselves and their region with remarkable clarity. If that is truer of the South today than of some other regions, it is because of the objective fact-finding of Dr. Odum and men like him.

Perhaps, with time, the fact-finders will dispel even the illusions about the South held by many persons outside the region!

Let's Talk Politics

With the election more than two weeks in the past, the time has come to forget any bitterness that may have developed during the campaign; time for all of us, of whatever political convictions, to join together in our common task of making Macon County a better place to live.

It is NOT time, though, to adjourn politics. In a democracy, that time should never come.

Because politics, in the best sense of the word, affects every one of us, every day of our lives; politics, as Webster defines the word, is "the art of government or the administration of public affairs". Government governs and public affairs are administered day by day — not just at election time. And how good the government is and how well the public affairs are administered depends largely on how well informed you and I and other citizens are, and how sound our opinions are; for it is public opinion that is the ultimate force in America. And our opinions will be sound, usually, in proportion as there is discussion.

One forum for such discussions is the newspaper, and we take this opportunity to renew a longstanding invitation to readers to use the editorial page columns of The Press as such a forum. Letters discussing questions of public interest always are welcomed, from persons of all shades of political opinion. That is true whether they deal with the Dixon-Yates deal, parity, what to do about the growing spread between this state's revenue and demand for money for educational and other services, or problems of Macon County, Franklin, and Highlands.

We Wonder . . .

Two letters, mailed by a Franklin business concern to a person in Atlanta, have been returned to the sender by the Atlanta Post Office, with the notation that the addressee had moved and left no forwarding address.

The Franklin postmarks show that one of the letters was mailed here March 6, 1953, the other March 21, 1953. They got back to the sender here November 10, 1954 — 20 months after they were mailed.

Which leads us to wonder if the Atlanta Post Office has not taken a bit too literally the moral of the old story of the tortoise and the hare.

Letters

DWINDLING MINORITY

Dear Weimar,

Like you, I can't abide the expression *different than*. After reading what you said about it I did a bit of research on the subject, and I regret to tell you that you, the Virginia editor who reprinted your remarks, and I belong to a fast dwindling minority. It seems that practically every master of the English language from Oliver Goldsmith to Winston Churchill says *different than*, and that it is generally regarded as acceptable even if not exactly correct.

However, it may cheer you up to know that Shakespeare never used it. Although he wrote *he don't*, and *it's me*, and *like* when he should have used *as*, never once in all his writings did Shakespeare say *different than*.

With many good wishes,

ANNIEWILL SILER.

New York City.

Others' Opinions

AGE-OLD DIN

(From the Nashville Banner)

A way has been found (it says here, in a report from the University of Wisconsin) to "age" cheddar cheese by bombarding it with ultrasonic waves of sound. And we might add that something of the same phenomenon applies to people. In fact, nothing can age a person quicker, sap his or her strength, and bring on mental debilities, than having to listen to the incessant clamor of a jukebox, for instance; or other noises, ultrasonic or otherwise.

'FELL OFF' MULE

(Stanly News and Press)

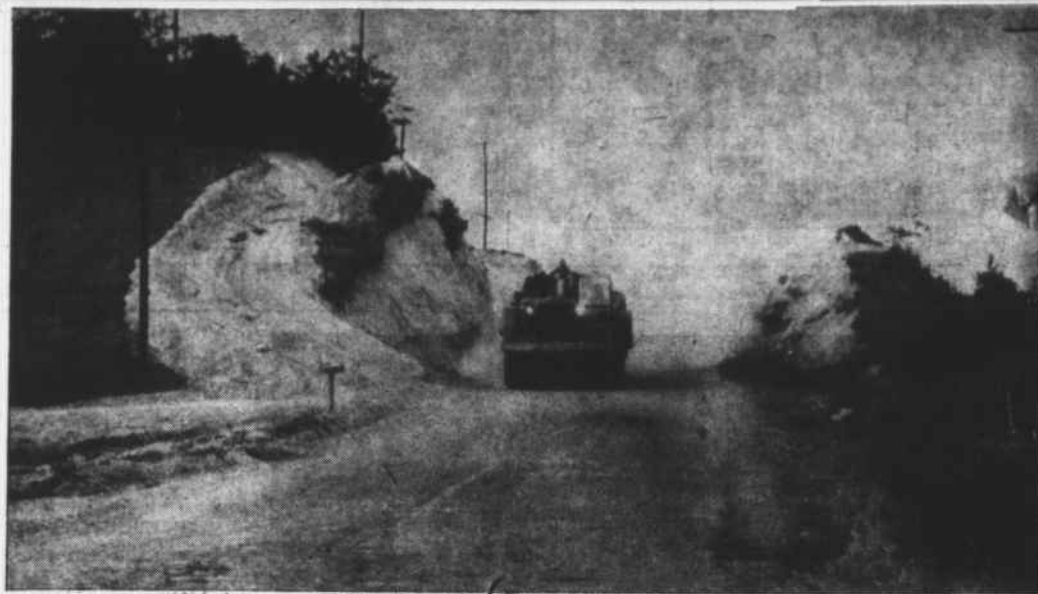
Many stories have been told about the human tendency to invent excuses for minor wrongdoings. The best we've heard lately is about the native of a remote section of the U. S. who was riding his mule down a narrow lane. As he passed an apple orchard he spotted some branches laden with ripe fruit. From the mule's back he reached up to pick some apples, and at the same moment the animal lurched forward, leaving the man hanging perilously from the tree. Just then the owner of the orchard came along the road. "Hey!" he yelled. "What are you doing there?" "Nothin', mister," replied the native. "I just fell off my mule!"

UNWANTED INDUSTRIES

(Roy Parker, Jr., in Northampton News)

This week I read an editorial from the Chapel Hill News-Leader that put into print one of the problems of the "great

Look Out! Here It Comes, Mr. Buchanan . . .



Here comes a monster dirt-moving machine, working in a 40-foot road cut just north of Mountain City, Ga.

They're really going ahead with the Georgia end of the Franklin-Tallulah Falls highway. If we're going to finish our part of the road before Georgia gets through — as you, as 14th division highway commissioner, have said — we'll have to hurry, won't we, Mr. Buchanan?

Industry-hunt" the Column had been trying to make articulate. The edit quoted a fellow who spoke in this section—a man with the industry-conscious Conservation and Development Board—to the effect that "A \$35 payroll is no help to a town." What he was pointing out was the fact that towns taking part in the industry-hunt should study their quarry carefully and make certain it'll put more in the town than it would take out. North Carolina already has one of the lowest per capita incomes in the nation. A state full of industries with payrolls way below the national average, or even below the state average, does not improve anything.

And laying aside the statistics, such industry doesn't do anything toward helping the human, individual problems that must be adjusted in the state. It simply puts off the day when we must find the means of providing a better life and a richer life to the folks who are victims of our strange economic situation. A landscape dotted with factories is a wonderful thing, but a landscape dotted with happy, healthy, adequately-educated, economically-sound people is a lot more wonderful. It is a hard situation to work out, and this isn't to say that most of the folks interested in the problem and working on the problem aren't conscious in their work and ideals.

TELLING KAY OFF

(Henry Diggs in Smithfield Herald)

Billy Dickens, one of the brighter light to graduate from Smithfield High School in recent years, is currently enrolled at the University of North Carolina. To supplement his income, Billy has a part time job at the Communications Center, that part of the university which has to do with radio, television, photography, etc.

Not long ago Billy was directing the production of a program, or to be more specific, he was in charge of the sound for the program. Things went pretty well, but there was one fellow in particular who didn't impress Billy with his approach to the problem at hand.

Finally, after bearing it as long as he could, and after repeated warnings to the gentleman to "Stand closer to the microphone," Billy halted the program and walked up to the gentleman.

"What's the matter?" inquired Dickens. "Are you afraid of that microphone? Stand closer to it. It's not going to hurt you!"

With that stern admonition, Dickens strolled back to the control room.

Later on, and to his great consternation, he found that the gentleman he'd "read off" for not standing close enough to the mike was none other than the famous Kay Kyser, who has probably spent more time in front of a microphone than Dickens has lived!

What greater or better gift can we offer the republic than to teach and instruct our youth.—Cicero.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Macon County isolated?

Most of us would deny it indignantly. But what about the facts?

Well, here are two bits of evidence about the isolation of at least parts of it.

Try to get someone in the Nantahala area by telephone: your call goes from Franklin to Asheville, from Asheville to Murphy, then back to Macon County, and you finally reach your party via a Forest Service line — if the line is in order.

That, however, is merely odd, by comparison with the Highlands bus situation.

How does a resident of Highlands who wishes to visit his county seat of Franklin get here by bus? He can make it either of two ways. He can go to Asheville and then back to Franklin. Or he can go to Atlanta, and from the capital of

Georgia back into his native state and to his county seat — just 20 miles from the place he started from!

Does the State Utilities Commission just shut its eyes to this gross failure to provide service? It would be my suspicion that the State Utilities Commission doesn't even know what the situation is.

We hear a lot about how low North Carolina ranks among other states, in per capita income, in the amount spent per school pupil, etc.

Well, there's one field in which North Carolina is far above the average — farming. On an average during the past three years, the increase in the value of North Carolina's farm products has been 77 per cent greater than the average increase for the nation. In other

words, for every dollar increase shown by the nation as a whole, North Carolina has had an increase of \$1.77.

The amount, in dollars, of North Carolina's margin over the average for the nation is put at \$155,000,000 per year. And that, mind you, is not the value of North Carolina's total increase, but the value of the margin by which North Carolina has led the country.

Speaking of farming, what's happened to country buttermilk?

When you go in a restaurant in Franklin or Highlands and order buttermilk, what do you get? You get something generally referred to as cream buttermilk, a concoction that never saw a churn.

Don't misunderstand me. I like cream buttermilk. But I also like country buttermilk; and the two are as different as night and day. To try to substitute cream buttermilk for the real thing — churned clabbered cream, with its own inimitable tang, and with great gobs of golden butter floating in it — why that would be like trying to substitute cake for cornbread when what you wanted was cornbread.

You can buy so-called cream buttermilk anywhere. You can't country buttermilk. And people want what is hard to get.

Hence this suggestion to local restaurants: Offer your customers real country buttermilk. It would make a tremendous hit with many home folks and a whale of a lot of tourists — and provide a market for a local product.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Mr. J. Alex Moore was the only candidate who received over one thousand votes. He polled 1,021.

When the citizens of this section awoke Sunday morning, they discovered that the ground was covered with a sheet of snow, the first of the season.

Mr. E. K. Cunningham bought what is known as the Allman residence and lot on West Main Street, next to the Porter warehouse, last Saturday. The price paid was \$3,000.

25 YEARS AGO

The first meeting of the Highlands Merrimakers Club was held at the home of Caroline and Jack Hall Monday evening. This club is for the purpose of promoting fun, and meetings will be held once a week and dances once a month. The Highlands Merrimakers Club promises to be a great success.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Palmer were in Andrews last Sunday.

10 YEAR SAGO

1st Lt. Mack Setser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Setser, has just been home on leave. He spent 27 months in the Pacific area and is now at New River.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Cabe left Sunday morning for Raleigh, where Mr. Cabe attended a bankers association and Mrs. Cabe will visit.

Cpl. Richard W. Pearson writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rockwell Hall, that he is recuperating in a hospital in England, from wounds received presumably in France. Cpl. Pearson is with the infantry division.—Highlands item.